

**INSIDE: THE REAL SURPRISE! SURPRISE!**

**MARVEL®**  
23rd April 88

**Nº3 38p**

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**THE REAL**

**GH<sup>ST</sup>BUSTERS™**



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ARE  
YOU SURE  
THIS IS A  
GOOD IDEA,  
EGON...?

**IT'S SLIME TIME!**



It's incredible really – we've done it again! Yet another magnificent issue of **The Real Ghostbusters** to frighten and delight you! Stand by for twenty-four pages of paranormal pandemonium, which this issue is largely concerned with the antics of everybody's favourite spook – Slimer – as he leads the Ghostbusters into greater and gooiier ectoplasmically-orientated danger than ever before!

The Real Ghostbusters: just four, plain ordinary guys who drive an old cadillac, live in a fire station with a ghost and save the world on a day-to-day basis. Whether you're a regular follower of the Busters fortnightly fortunes, or a new reader, we are sure the merry crew of Peter, Egon, Ray, Winston and Janine will find a place in your hearts ... and perhaps you could find a place in your garden for Slimer so he won't make a mess of your carpet.

If that's not enough, we'll show you how one lucky, loyal Marvel Comics fan got to work alongside the Real Ghostbusters, thanks to Bob Carolgees, Cilla Black and LWT's **Surprise! Surprise!** programme, and, of course, helped to save the world a couple of times.

**The Real Ghostbusters** issue 3: A Lorra Lorra Slime!

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Cover Anthony Williams and Dave Elliott

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Editor Richard Starkings Assistant Editor Dan Abnett

## THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDMORE



JANINE MELNITZ



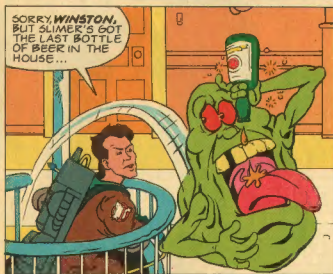
SLIMER

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

## THE TROUBLE WITH

# SLIMERS!

PART ONE



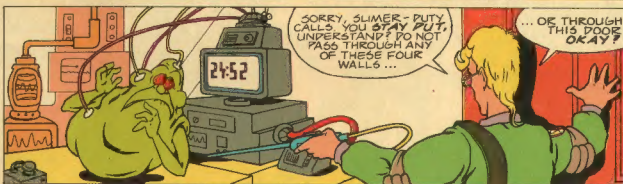
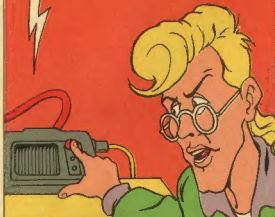


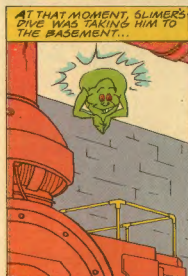


ONE INTERCOM BUTTON  
PUSH LATER...

EGON SPENGLER, YOU  
GET DOWN HERE RIGHT  
NOW! MY LUNCH HAS  
BEEN SLIMED!

BUT THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE,  
JANINE...







# FREE



## SIGNAL KITE

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WHEN YOU BUY ANY ONE OF 'THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS'™ HERO FIGURES.

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With the kite is a Guide to Ghostbusting explaining two methods of clearing areas of all ghosts. It is also packed with information on 'The Real Ghostbusters'™ and their equipment.

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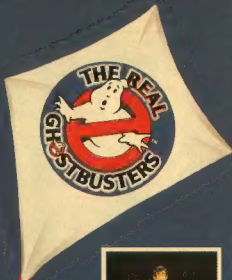
Send now for your 'The Real Ghostbusters'™ kite and poster/guide. The kite comes complete with line and is ready to assemble.

All you do is cut out 'The Real Ghostbusters'™ logo and hero's name from the front of any hero figure pack. Then complete the following application form, enclosing your proof of purchase, and send it to

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& GRABBER GHOST™



RAY STANTZ™  
& WRAPPER GHOST™



EGON SPENGLER™  
& GULPER GHOST™



WINSTON ZEDDMORE™  
& CHOMPER GHOST™

**'THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS'™  
FREE KITE AND POSTER/  
GUIDE APPLICATION FORM.**

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

FULL ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

POST CODE: \_\_\_\_\_

GBAF2

# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE

Pay attention. I'm sorry if I seem a little brisk this issue, but since the incident with Peter and the egg whisk, I've not been in an enormously good mood. I was going to present a report this issue on the nature of haunted sites and environments, with particular reference to sociological conditioning, ambient air temperature ratios and the random distribution of PKE variables, but due to Peter and the egg whisk and everything, I couldn't read my notes. Looking on the bright side, though, the whole egg whisk fracas did give me another subject for inclusion here in the Spirit Guide: laundry bills. Or rather, before that, Ectoplasm.



## PART 3

from the Greek words *Ektos* meaning 'outside' and *Plasma* meaning 'to shape or mould'. It's difficult to say for sure where it comes from, but one may suppose that the residue is the product of extra-dimensional material (which could be anything from a basic class nine spook to a class one special category super-hostile phantasm) coming into contact with our plane of existence. In other words, when a ghost appears, our own world is so shocked it does the equivalent of breaking out in a cold sweat. Spontaneous ectoplasm! Instant slime! Automatic spook-goo!

Sorry, that was most unscientific.

By analysing the composition of Ectoplasm, we can learn a lot about what I call the Extra-Dimensional Environment and what Peter calls The Twilight Zone. Ectoplasm has a high PKE reading, and resem-

bles no known Earth substance except perhaps wallpaper paste. Our extensive research has led to some startling discoveries concerning the substance — one of which dramatically answers the most important question of all: "How do I get it off my clothes?" The scientific community worldwide has also been rocked by our further breakthroughs such as how to get it off the carpet, how to get it off dry-clean-only clothes, and how to get it off non-wash/wipe surfaces. Indeed, following the incident with Peter and the egg whisk, I can add yet more important information: namely, you cannot see with ectoplasm all over your glasses.

I really don't know what possessed Peter to fool around in my lab with the egg whisk at all. Boredom probably. The last thing I remember was him saying "Is this slime in the bowl, Egon?" and then I heard a noise like someone cycling through thick mud. I suppose when agitated like that, Ectoplasm can become remarkably volatile. When Ray, Janine and Winston finally unstuck us both from the lab floor, Peter said something like "Oh, great. Just great" but I was in no mood to listen.

Which brings me round to laundry bills. Peter's paying them this week.

Slimer, of course, has a particularly high size/ectoplasm ratio. We have, on occasion, asked him not to produce so much ectoplasm, but this doesn't usually happen.

### ECTOPLASM

This is, of course, a fascinating subject. I could write a book on it. In fact, I think I have . . . anyway, Ectoplasm is all that gloopy mess that is the after-effect of a paranormal manifestation, or the simple by-product of Slimer's lifestyle. Call it gunk or goo, call it anything you like. I call it Ectoplasm, but technically it is Semi-viscous Para-organic Residue. Ray and Winston call it Slime. Peter tends to refer to it as "Urrgh!" or "Oh no, what's this?" or "Man, this was clean on this morning . . ." or a similarly charming expression.

Ectoplasm has, I suppose, become part of our lives. It's strange how fond you can become of slime residue when you really try. The word derives



# THE REAL STBUSTERS™

THE TROUBLE WITH  
**SLIMERS!**  
PART TWO



AHH! GHOSTBUSTERS HQ. SWEET **GHOSTBUSTERS HQ!** AT LAST I CAN PUT MY FEET UP AND QUIETLY SIP THESE PEERS...



**SLIMER** NEARLY FIZZED HIMSELF TO PIECES WHEN HE GULPED DOWN MY LAST BOTTLE - BUT IF HE EVEN *THINKS* ABOUT GOING FOR THESE ...

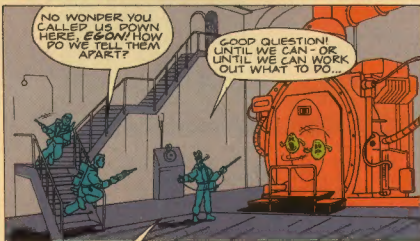


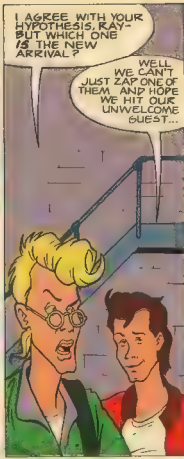
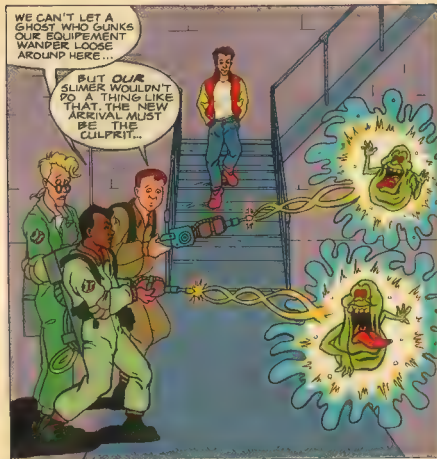
HEY! WATCH THE BOTTLES, GUYS!

SORRY, PETER - BUT THERE'S AN EMERGENCY IN THE BASEMENT...



Hmm, **WINSTON** AND **RAY** MIGHT NEED HELP. I'D BETTER GRAB SOME OF **ECTO-1's** MOBILE BUSTING EQUIPMENT ...UH-OH! WE'RE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE HERE..!





WE EITHER LEAVE THEM BOTH, AND RISK FURTHER DAMAGE TO OUR EQUIPMENT.

OR WE BUST THEM BOTH, TO MAKE SURE WE'VE GOT RID OF ECTO-1'S SLIME-OZEUR...

...AND I BET YOU CAN GUESS WHAT GETS MY VOTE.

BUT THAT WAY WE'LL LOSE OUR SLIMER TOO!

REGRETTABLY, RATHER THAN RISKING FURTHER PROBLEMS IT SEEMS THE WISER OPTION RAY..?

I'M FORCED TO AGREE, BUT DARN IT - I DON'T THINK I'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO BUST LITTLE OL' SLIMER!

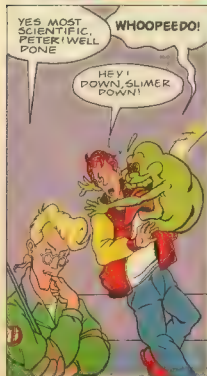
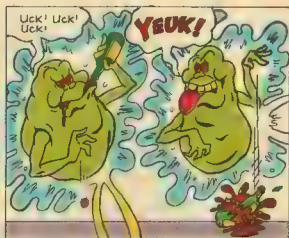


NO PROBLEM, GUYS - I'M YOUR MAN!

SPENGLER - HOLD MY BEERS AND I'LL - HEY, WAIT A SECOND! THE BEERS!!







# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story RICHARD ALAN Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS and DAVE ELLIOTT Colouring DAN ABNETT

*Tuesday 12th April 1988*

It's not often that we see Egon get excited about anything, but we did today. We'd been busting a ghost that was haunting a quarry in Maine and, whilst we were clearing up, Egon found himself a fossil. Not just any old fossil, of course, Egon is not the sort of person who'd be satisfied with the odd bit of an ammonite or a trilobite. No, this was the fossilised remains of a previously undiscovered form of plant life. Yeah, BIG DEAL. But then Egon's only real pastime consists of collecting spores and fungus, so I guess it meant a lot to him. Anyway, we got back to HQ and Egon headed straight for his lab, muttering things like "Intelligent plant life", "Vegetables should have ruled the world," and "Nobel Prize". Peter and Ray exchanged brief, confused glances, then Peter shrugged, said "Well a man has to have a hobby!" and popped out to get us all a chinese meal.

It was a little later, whilst we were all tucking into chicken chop suey, that the Odd Thing started to happen. They didn't seem very much at first – a dark stain of



damp mould suddenly appeared on the ceiling, then Peter noticed that a piece of grass that had got stuck to the sole of his boot was actually growing up his trouser leg. When you deal with supernatural occurrences each and every day, this sort of things seems common. However, we did start doing some serious worrying when the carpet under the dining table started to ruck up for no apparent reason. Ray quickly abandoned his chopsticks and pulled back the carpet to see what was going on. There, sprouting up between the floorboards, were hundreds, maybe thousands, of... toadstools! Ray looked up at me quizzically. I looked over to Peter. Peter looked back at me then we all turned as one to look at Egon. "This wouldn't have anything to do with you, would it?" asked Peter.

"Well, I uh..." began Egon as he stared down at the toadstools which were continuing to grow and multiply across the dining room floor.

"This wouldn't have anything to do with that specimen of fossilised lichen that you brought in, earlier, WOULD IT?" insisted Peter.

"Well, I uh..." said Egon.

"You said that already," snapped Peter.

"Uh, yes, well I can explain..." Egon was beginning to look worried and I began to wonder if he had an explanation.



Then another Odd Thing happened. A toadstool spoke.

"You foolsss!" the toadstool hissed. we all looked round in amazement to see where the voice came from, then it spoke again. "You animalssss!" The voice wasn't only coming from the fungus on the floor but also from the moss and mould that was spreading rapidly across the ceiling and down the walls. "You are sstupid – you do not deserve to rule this planet!"

Peter suddenly giggled unexpectedly, and pulled the blade of grass that had grown up his trouser leg out of the top of his trousers. This done he grabbed Egon by the shirt, shook him and said: "What have you done, Egon? What did you do with that cute little spore you found?"

"Well, I uh..." said Egon for a third time. "I put it under an ultra violet lamp...I guess it still had some life left in it..."

"Yesss," the voice hissed, "the warmth was good. Long have I slept, but now I am free again and, with me as their leader, all plant-forms will rise up and desstroy the animalssss that usurped our right to dominate thissss world!"

Egon cut in: "You see, I have a theory that, thousands of years ago, when the only life that existed on Earth was primordial slime, there was a moment at which either plant life or animal life would become the dominant species. As we all know, animal



life developed intelligence – but what would have happened if plant life had? Egon indicated the mould on the wall. "Our friend here confirms my theory. Fascinating isn't it?"

Peter and Ray exchanged brief glances again and then the two of them grabbed hold of Egon and bundled him out of the room. "Let's just get out," Peter said, "there's not 'mushroom' in here!" I made to follow them, then I remembered that our little ectoplasmic friend, Slimer, was still around the place somewhere. I couldn't leave the little guy to the mercy of the mould, so I went looking for him. It didn't take long. He was in the kitchen – helping himself to the contents of the fridge. He looked up at me guiltily and tried to hide a half-eaten sandwich behind his back. "Oo wooking furme?" He garbled innocently. It was then I noticed that, though the mould was growing over the walls, floor and ceiling of the kitchen, as well as every other room in the HQ, there was a small area of floor space that was totally untouched around Slimer. As he followed me out of the kitchen, through the dining room and downstairs, the mould retreated from Slimer's presence. It was as though Slimer was something it didn't like – something it found repugnant.





As I got outside, I found the others in heated discussion. I looked back at HQ and saw that it was almost entirely consumed by moss or fungus of some kind. Even our uniforms were beginning to get covered in mould. "We have to do something about this before it spreads through the neighbourhood – throughout the world even!" Egon was saying. I thought I had the answer. Quickly, I explained to the others about the effect that Slimer had on the fungus. Egon listened intently, then his face brightened. "Of course!" he exclaimed. "Slimer must be composed of the same primordial slime from which animal life evolved and overcame intelligent plant life all those millions of years ago!"

Egon turned to our little friend and told him what he had to do. "Slimer, only you can save us. You're gonna have to give us – and the HQ building – the biggest sliming you have ever given. We have to stop this menace before it spreads too far! Peter began to protest but was too late. With a garbled "Ayeaye Cap'n!" Slimer saluted and shot up in the air to get a good run-up. He receded into the sky until he was nothing more than a tiny speck, then turned and accelerated towards us. We braced ourselves for the impact and there was just enough time for Peter to say "Are you sure this is a good idea, Egon?" before we were hit.

**SPLAAATTTT!** Slime shot everywhere. Over us, over the HQ and over a couple of passers by who had foolishly decided to stop and watch. As the slime dripped from our revolted faces, and as it slid slowly off the HQ's walls, we saw that the plan had worked – the mould had gone. Slimer picked himself up off the floor, looking a bit dazed. I patted him on the head and whispered: "Well done!" Egon was looking thoughtfully at a dead piece of mould that he'd picked up off the sleeve of his shirt. "What a pity," I heard him say. Peter was lying on his back, apparently immobilised by slime. Ray nudged him with his foot. "C'mon Peter," he said, "I'll get us some buckets and spades. We've got some clearing up to do."

That was Tuesday.



# RAY STANTZ

Ray Stantz is just a big kid at heart. He has all the wild enthusiasm and exuberance of youth, coupled with an encyclopaedic knowledge of Weird Things that have happened throughout history. When others would, quite understandably, run in the face of supernatural danger, Ray will always stand wide-eyed before it, proclaiming the scientific importance of the event. Ray is also the most mechanically minded member of the group, fixing up Proton Packs, PKE Meters and any other odd devices that Egon may dream up. In the body Ghostbuster, Ray would be the hands.





# THIS DOESN'T USUALLY HAPPEN...

...thought fifteen year old Christopher McRoberts as he was whisked from his home in Northern Ireland to the of Marvel Comics London offices. . . and he was right; he was also in for a big surprise!



On Friday 5th of February, an LWT camera crew invaded Marvel's secret HQ to film a sequence for the Sunday evening television show *Surprise!*, the programme in which Cilla Black engineers treats and surprises for lucky members of the public.

Young Christopher McRoberts was brought to London to meet his heroes – the Marvel heroes whose adventures are read every week by thousands in such titles as **TRANSFORMERS**, **ACTION FORCE** and **THUNDERCATS**.



CHRISTOPHER McROBERTS WITH PRESENTER BOB CAROLGEES.

Under the watchful eye of the irrepressible Bob Carolgees. Christopher met such celebrities as **SPIDERMAN**, **CAPTAIN AMERICA** and **SPIDER-WOMAN**, and was introduced to some of the talents responsible for bringing their adventures to the public: Artist Geoff Senior, who was busy working on the dazzling new comic **DRAGON'S TEETH** that's been penned by Transformer Extraordinaire Simon Furman, and artist/writer Mike Collins, who presented Christopher with a portrait of Marvel's **X-MEN** drawn by him and inked by Stephen Baskerville.

The T.V. debut of Christopher and Marvel Comics was broadcast on Sunday 6th March, and during the show, viewers got their first glimpse of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, as shown by Cilla.

Just to show that we don't do things by half, Marvel presents, on the page opposite, Christopher's own portrayal of the 'Busters. Christopher became part of a strip-producing team, drawing the page for the letterer and colourist to work on.

Of course, being a Real Ghostbuster and a member of the Mighty Marvel crew in one day doesn't usually happen, but when it does, thanks to Marvel and *Surprise!*, it's a Lorra Lorra fun!

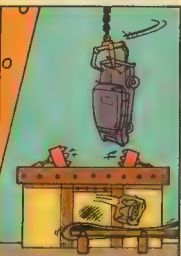
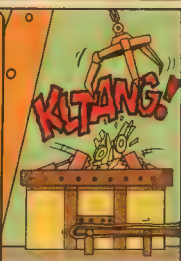


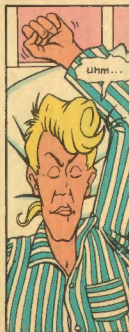
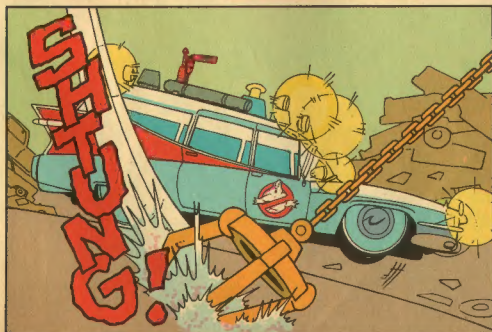
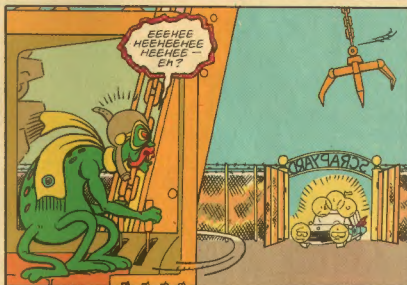
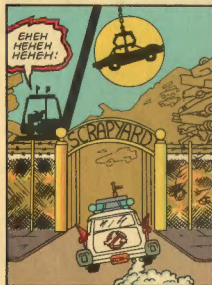
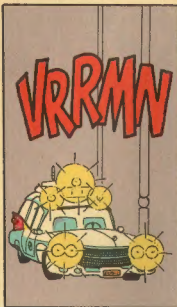
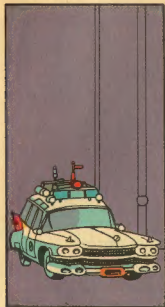
# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



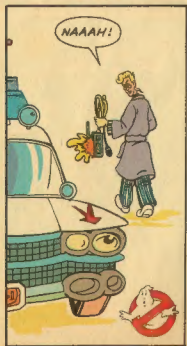
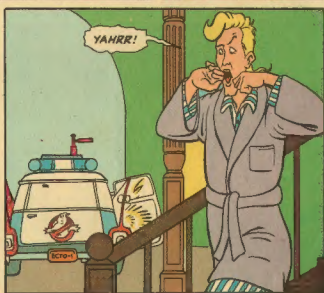
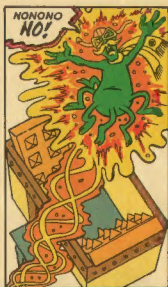
# THE REAL STBUSTERS™

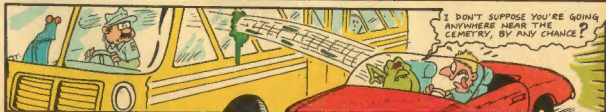
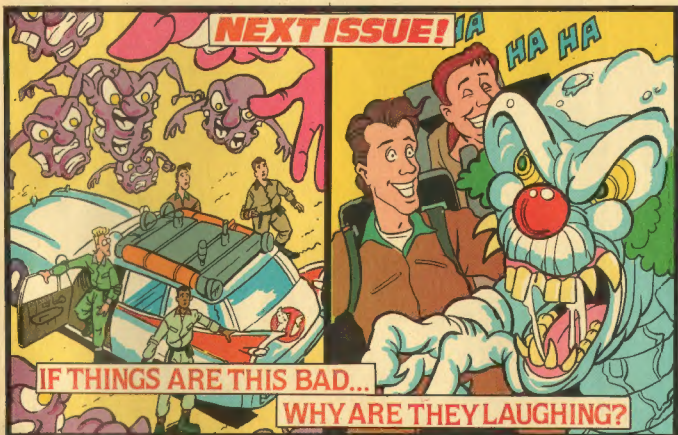
## SCRAPYARD DEMON!











# WHO YOU GONNA CALL?

OUR FEARLESS HERO  
**PETER VENKMAN**  
IS ON A BUST!  
LITTLE DOES HE KNOW  
THAT THE 'GRABBER  
GHOST' IS BEHIND  
HIM! BUT WORSE IS  
YET TO COME!

HMMM!  
WHERE DID THAT LITTLE  
CRITTER GET TO?



THE REAL  
GHOSTBUSTERS  
at  
**ASDA**

IT'S THE **BUG-EYE**  
GHOST READY TO GIVE  
PETER A REAL  
EYEFUL!



**BUG-EYE GHOST £3-99**  
**SLUDGE BUCKET £7-99**



AND **SLUDGE**  
**BUCKET**  
BUBBLING OVER  
WITH GOOEY,  
GOPPY GOOP!

AS IF THAT ISN'T GHOULISH  
ENOUGH, WHO SHOULD APPEAR  
BUT THE **STAY PUFT**  
**MARSHMALLOW MAN!!!**



**STAY PUFT**  
**MARSHMALLOW**  
**MAN £3-99**

WHO'S GONNA CALL? THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS

PETER'S PALS **RAY STANTZ**, **EGON SPENGLER** AND  
**WINSTON ZEDDMORE** ARRIVE IN THE NICK OF TIME TO BUST  
THE BADDIES AND SAVE OUR HERO!



HERO FIGURES COMPLETE WITH LAZER  
ACTION NUTRONA BLASTER AND GHOST  
COMPANION  
**£3-25 EACH**

OTHER REAL  
GHOSTBUSTERS  
CHARACTERS AND  
ACCESSORIES  
ALSO AVAILABLE  
AT LARGER  
ASDA STORES.

